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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Lahaina.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Where the wave tumbles;  
Where the reef rumbles;  
Where the sea sweeps  
Under bending palm-branches,  
Sliding its snow-white  
And swift avalanches;  
Where the sails pass  
O'er an ocean of glass,  
Or trail their dull anchors  
Down in the sea-grass.

Where the hills smoulder;  
Where the plains smoke;  
Where the peaks shoulder  
The clouds like a yoke;  
Where the dear isle  
Has a charm to beguile  
As she rests in the lap  
Of the seas that enfold her.

Where shadows falter;  
Where the mist hovers  
Like steam that covers  
Some ancient altar.

Where the sky rests  
On deep wooded crests;  
Where the clouds lag,—  
Where the sun floats  
His glittering moats,  
Swimming the rainbows  
That girdle the crag.

Where the new-comer  
In deathless summer  
Dreams away troubles;  
Where the grape blossoms  
And blows its sweet bubbles.

Where the goats cry  
From the hillside corral;  
Where the fish leap  
In the weedy canal,—  
In the shallow lagoon  
With its waters forsaken,—  
Where the dawn struggles  
With night for an hour,  
Then breaks like a tropical  
Bird from its bower.

Where from the long leaves  
The fresh dew is shaken;  
Where the wind sleeps  
Where the birds waken!

## Principle.

Every man occupies in the scale of morality a distinct place; each has his particular standard of good and bad, and his peculiar ideas of right and wrong. The uncivilized African in his rude home, the Indian in his wildest state, have each a rigid standard of justice, and mete out to offenders punishment in accordance with a law inexorable as our own. What to us is a crime may be to them an act deserving of honor: what we call murder, for instance, and punish with death, some of the less civilized nations look upon with indifference; our marriage-laws, born of religion and reason, would by many of them be laughed at;—our code entire, in short, they might consider foolish and impracticable.

Nations are invariably marked by some distinguishing characteristics. Their manner of thought is influenced by the authority under which they live, and that authority, being more or less central, exercises a sway over all its subjects alike. Not alone in appearance and mode of speech do nations differ, but in mind as well. Not only is the body of man acted upon and modified by the physical forces, and does it vary with its surroundings, but the mind itself is, at the same time, in a peculiar manner influenced by similar causes; in the world may be found all degrees of mental development, from the lowest barbarian whose nature is scarcely higher than that of the beast, to the greatest genius that graces creation. Human advancement, we conclude, is not altogether the offspring of ages, nor perfection the outgrowth of time: the most brutal savage and the most noble Christian are from the same first parentage, but, as children of circumstances, have so widely diverged that we almost lose sight of their common origin.

The soul of man is not merely a machine which in its action gathers rough material by means of the senses, and gives forth the phenomenon of reason, but it contains within itself from the beginning certain instincts which do not come from the outside world; and upon these instincts is based

the first reasoning of the child; additional knowledge gained through the course of life forms gradually a firmer foundation, upon which the man may found his conclusions:—this latter is termed experience. Seeing what is around him, and seeking to understand it, man employs the years of his life in merely adding to his store of knowledge. Gathering in, through his senses, facts from the world in which he is placed, he obtains material for reason to work upon; and thus, exercising this grand attribute of the soul, perfects it.

No matter what instance be taken, we find that every act of man has its motive. A trivial act may be the outcome of a deep or grand motive, and great labor may be employed to bring about an insignificant end. As every cause has its effect, so every effect may be traced to its mental or physical cause: a man deliberately does an evil deed, because he is prompted by an evil motive, and a good deed because prompted by a motive that is good. Persisting in either, the motive becomes, as it were, a part of himself, and, beginning, perhaps, by inducing him to a single act, at length assumes a powerful sway over his life; and when it has become a rule of his life it has taken the form of a mental habit,—guiding the man and thus determining his character.

Thus are formed the principles which reign over the actions of all mankind. The old maxim, "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines," contains a world of meaning. A man's place in the moral scale depending upon the quality of the principles which guide his actions, the forming of those principles is, indeed, the moulding of his life. Take the child when first he is capable of comprehending the distinction between right and wrong: he has instincts which tell him that he may do or ought not to do certain things, but he does not reason why. From this instinctive discrimination is to be developed, by the training he receives, his ideas of good and evil. If he be reared amidst surroundings whose moral impetus is bad, in his maturity his mind has not acquired those higher habits of thought which, in the restricted meaning of the word, we term "Principle": or, in other words, considering evil as a negative quality—a privation or absence of good,—his mind has not received the completing element which would make him a respected and honored man. If, on the contrary, the child, during the years of his early youth, be placed where example and training point out clearly the distinction between right and wrong, and if, as time passes, he become truly impressed with the full meaning of Nature's universal law of reward and punishment, his reasoning becomes of a higher order; and as years render firm the form into which his childhood's plastic mind has been moulded he develops into a "man of Principle"; he has a rigid standard by which he determines the character of his every motive, and, making that standard the rule of his life, governs by it his every act.

Were all men during the entire period of their lives surrounded by the same circumstances, we

would not see the present extended moral scale. Just what power the encompassing influences, both mental and physical, have upon the mind, it would be impossible to determine. The influence exerted by each man on those with whom he comes in contact, is, to some extent, apparent. The effects of physical influences are also sufficiently well marked to be readily seen: all—as, for example, even climate—produce effects on the body whose fruits are borne in the mind. Hence it is that all men differ; hence it is that nations all possess their own distinguishing characteristics; and philosophy, with reason, proclaims that, in both the rational and irrational world, there do not exist too things exactly alike.

Religion, by even the most radical unbelievers, cannot but be admitted to have been the grand power which elevated the human race to its present condition. Appealing to those innate higher functions of the soul,—concerning itself with the world's highest ruling principles,—it rouses the mind to employ its capabilities in gaining the noblest ends. Embodying all that speaks most forcibly to the soul, its teachings demand a hearing; it infuses into the mind of even the careless bystander its ennobling methods, and wherever it spreads, higher civilization is the natural product. For the very reason that it carries Principle to the souls of men, it raises into prominence the good, and drives the evil into sheltering darkness. Pervading society, it prompts men to cultivate their better qualities; and, by holding up to its followers an eternal reward, and—as it gains a foot-hold—compelling all others to at least assume the semblance of good, it lifts mankind nearer to the perfect ideal.

Principle, then, is but the fixed motive of good deeds. A man of Principle is one who in all his dealings with his fellow-men constantly aims toward justice. The motives which may govern him are various: he may simply "do right because it is right," or he may be stimulated by eternal or temporal advantages to be gained. Principle is a power whose influence is always great; in the traffic of the world it marks the men to be trusted and honored,—and such are the ones who, in a land of justice, are chosen to fill the places of greatest responsibility. No matter what the ways and manners of a people may be, those among them who bind themselves to strict rules of honor, are the ones rewarded; no matter what laws men make, so long as those laws are the product of minds of high principle, they must be just and therefore enforcable. Principle may well be said to be the power which brings a people to the highest culture and greatness. In nations, as in the men that compose them, corruption cannot forever be kept back; but a nation, like a man, reaches its most perfect state when law and justice rule. And as a nation's downfall comes when its laws yield to baser powers, so also sinks the man when lower motives break down his protecting barrier of Principle.

G. V. B.

HUMILITY is the most excellent cure for anger in the world.

## Destiny.

BY JOSEPH A. ANCHETA, '86.

It is a well-known fact that the human race has, from the beginning, been occupied with the solution to certain questions. These questions may properly be called natural problems personal to humanity, as they relate principally to destiny—to life, rather than to science. For example: Why is man in this world, and why is the world itself? Why do they exist? Whence do they come, and whither do they tend? Who made them? Have they an intelligent Creator, or are they merely the products of blind elements? If they are created, if we have a heavenly Father, why, in giving us life, has He made it so bitter and so painful? Is not the hope of a better life the illusion of the unhappy? and prayer—that cry of the soul in anguish,—is it not a mere sterile noise, a word thrown to the mocking winds? Why is there sin? Why so much suffering and death? These, and other questions which serve to complete and modify them, have always excited a great deal of interest among men, since, of all the living creatures on earth, man, the sole possessor of reason, is the only one affected by their solution.

Some might say that these problems are only the inventions of man. Inventions of man! What a foolish idea! They are not inventions: they are stern realities which present themselves before the mind of man, and he has no choice but to engage in their investigation. By this I do not mean to say that everybody sees them clearly; for I am well aware there are some by whom these questions are viewed in a somewhat confused and imperfect manner. They see them, but they do not grasp them. Others are hardly, if ever, troubled by them. The latter are specially those who pay little or no attention to anything else but their business, comfort and pleasure; or such as are stupefied by hardships, or debased by crime. Yet even these apparently insensible persons are, from time to time, stared straight in the face by these momentous problems and would gladly know their solution.

Make as many distinctions as you wish between races, nations or individuals, you may perhaps find more than one difference in the way in which these vital questions appear before them; still, you will find them molesting and depressing everyone. They are common to all. They are, as a great writer has said, "the burden of souls," and are continually weighing us down. This weight must be taken from us. The solution of these problems is of the utmost importance, as on it depends, not only our temporal happiness, but also our eternal bliss. Then, how is this solution to be effected? What will solve these problems?—human reason?—Faith or Science? These are questions to be answered.

Unbelievers, though they seek to explain it in their own way, dare not deny the existence of these natural problems, because they know too well the

negation of them would be useless, all evidence being against them. They take all the advantage they can over their adversaries, beginning by suppressing the question, and bring up old objections that have more than once been refuted. However, there is a system among them which stands prominently above the rest, and deserves credit at least for setting forth its principles in a clear and systematic manner: I mean Positivism.

This school of philosophy teaches that the best way of getting over the difficulty is not to think of these natural problems; not to pay any attention to them, since they will take care of themselves. To study the finite, examine secondary effects, but to leave the Infinite and First Cause alone! Not to think of it! What a gratuitous statement! Wonderful ignorance of the great fact on which depends our destiny! Positivism does not only attempt the impossible, but openly acknowledges it. If it were possible that this system should triumph, and man, in order to follow and please it, would put these questions aside, I do not think the human mind would allow itself to be thus distorted, mutilated, and imprisoned for two days in succession. Hence we can readily see that Positivism can do absolutely nothing for us in this respect; and after, as before its appearance, we are left to fathom the deep mysteries by ourselves.

There is another attempt entirely of a different character. It is not so bold; as it does not seek to suppress the solution of these problems, but tries to evade any definite conclusion. It cannot properly be called a system, it is rather a peculiar state of the individual soul, not unfrequent in high-minded men. They admit the importance of these questions, but view them as extremely perplexing and embarrassing. It offers a complete contrast to Positivism. The one tells us never to think of invisible and infinite things, the other advises us to ponder and indulge in reveries over them continually, but without ever drawing any conclusions. The human soul cannot be satisfied with the blind negations of the one, or the vague aspirations of the other. Man is not a mere intellectual nor a mere emotional being. He is both combined. He requires real answers, not dreams. He demands responses which will satisfy his intellect as well as his heart, which will strengthen his courage, animate his hope, and increase his love. The ideal which he seeks is a system of precepts and dogmas which will satisfy the wants he finds within himself. There are two sources from which we may hope to obtain the truth: one is purely human, the other half divine. Will the first suffice?

If science can satisfy the appeals of our souls—if it can, by its own light and power, explain the mysteries of our destiny and make us understand our beginning and our end,—we will cling to it and ask for nothing more. This sure guide is completely under our control. Then, why seek adventitious aid? It is true that everybody cannot be learned, but everyone believes in science. When science pronounces her decrees, the most rebellious yield to her decisions. Besides, there is

no heresy or schism in science. If scientific men quarrel—which they can do, perhaps even better than other men,—they are not long in finding a peace-maker. They take a retort or a microscope, analyze or examine, and the process is ended. The result is satisfactory until other controversies arise. What an admirable perspective opens before man, if these questions which now confuse and perplex humanity can, in the course of time, be answered by science! Alas! it is all a vain fancy.

In the first place, the authority of science is not always admitted: it has more or less weight according to the subject it treats. In natural things, what it says is law; but when it deals with the soul, numberless controversies arise. Its right to be called a science is then disputed, for its speculations appear to be entirely conjectural. This is exactly the kind of science we have to deal with; for it is not the problems in algebra or arithmetic, but questions of the invisible and infinite which annoy and disturb man. It is plain that science cannot give us unanswerable responses, for in the field of metaphysics it has none to give. How, in the world, can it be otherwise? It is the product of our mind, which is finite: how, then, can human science be anything else but the explication of the finite? The invisible finite, science is capable of explaining; the invisible infinite, the Supreme, creative Spirit, escapes it completely. But this is exactly what must be penetrated and thoroughly known, if we expect to resolve, in a scientific manner, the great problems which concern our destiny. It is, then, impossible, it is more than an illusion—it is folly—to hope for a solution of these questions from human science. Then, what is to be done, if, on the one hand, man cannot do without precise responses and dogmatic notions, and if, on the other, science is unable to give us such?

We must do what we should have done from the very outset—seek help from above. Man is capable of believing, not only the facts which he sees and knows by his intellect, but also those which he learns from tradition and by witnesses—if the latter are competent to testify—even though he cannot submit them to a very rigid criticism. On the authority of witnesses depends what is called faith, which, in its true sense, means belief in divine truths; or merely human faith, which is confidence in the knowledge of another. Both require the same act of intelligence. If it concerns the things of this world, the witness has only to prove his veracity and competence; but for superhuman affairs the witness himself should be superhuman and prove himself to be such by his actions, and establish conviction by unusual and extraordinary deeds.

This is the stumbling-block: miracles must be admitted. We all know that a perfect order reigns in this universe; but no one can say, and prove his assertion, that the laws of nature are unchangeable in all their details. On the contrary, we are witnesses to the fact that they have, on many occasions, been changed. Still, there are men who deny God—the Author of these laws—the power of suspending them. In their miserable conceits they seem to

forget that they violate these laws repeatedly as far as they can. The flower which blooms in summer, they cover with blossoms in winter. Moreover, there is a miraculous event at the very foundation of humanity which these unreasonable men cannot deny. It does not depend on tradition or evidence, the fact itself is its own witness. No sophist dares to say of man, as some have said of the material world, that he exists from all eternity. But science itself teaches that at a certain epoch the world was not inhabited. The first man was not born as we are born to-day. He had no parents; he was the first of his kind—he was created. Here, certainly, the laws of nature did not operate. This is the reason why some scientific men try, in order to avoid acknowledging a miracle, to account for the existence of the first man in a natural and scientific manner. They say the transformation of species will explain the enigma. Indeed, if anything is proved at all, and becomes more certain every day, it is that the characteristic of all living beings is to preserve their species; for the crossings of closely-allied species are smitten with sterility. The absurdity of this theory of modern scientists being admitted, another one, equally absurd—that of Spontaneous Generation,—is advanced. This theory is refuted by science itself; but, supposing it had stood the tests to which it was subjected, in what state would its advocates place man in the world? Would it be in the form of an embryo or an infant? For it would be a greater miracle to expect him to be suddenly born an adult. Nevertheless, this is exactly the way in which the man of Genesis was created; for if he were a helpless child, he would not have perpetuated his race, but would have perished from hunger and cold in less than a day.

After his creation, man fell and was separated from God. The bond between man and his Creator was not entirely broken. He received a consoling promise before being punished for his disobedience. Erring man continued to fall deeper and deeper, till, at last, it appeared that he would not rise again; but, no: the clouds of darkness disappeared, the long-expected Being has come to answer every question and solve every doubt. He established His Church which teaches the doctrine that is to explain all the problems relative to our destiny. Thus we readily see that satisfactory solutions can be derived only from Faith—that wonderful gift which, under the authority of a superhuman witness, makes us believe with certitude things which neither the eyes of the body nor the eyes of the mind could of themselves perceive.

#### A Few Observations on a Paramecium.

The lowest form of animal life is the *infusorial* state of existence, the name itself disclosing the nature of the order. The Paramecia are a class grouped in this order. They possess the common characteristics of an *infusorium*—oval body—fringed with cilia, and a cell wall inclosing protoplasm and a few very rudimentary organs. On

April 23, in the Biological Laboratory, whilst experimenting with some stagnant water, we had the good fortune to discover a most interesting and perfect *paramecium*, measuring (under 3-4, 300 diameter), one third of an inch in breadth and about one tenth of an inch in length. The mode of digestion and manner of taking food of these creatures has always been clouded, or not known at all, or, at least, not published in any text-book, as far as we could discover. It is generally only mentioned as belonging to *infusoria*, or left unnoticed.

This particular specimen was a simple oval body, deeply ciliated, and grooved on one side. The groove is lined with heavy cilia whose function is to propel, through the groove, water, till it arrives at a slit or opening into the body, which, no doubt, is the mouth. Here, for a moment, the water is lost sight of, as all motion has apparently ceased. But soon a change is noticeable; for a small globule is seen in the process of formation, just at the terminus of the groove in the body. This globule gradually increases its size till a magnitude of one-third of an inch is attained, when, detaching itself from the mouth, it goes coursing after the others into the body. Immediately following the detachment of one globule, another begins to form, and every time one forms, another bursts.

These globules are never more than nine, nor less than five. Though they arrange themselves irregularly in the body, yet one is always ready to burst at the entrance to the chamber containing the jaws, into which its contents are immediately projected. These jaws, by the way, are extremely curious and interesting. They are monstrous, and in the shape of wide semi-circles, with deeply serrated edges, working vertically together (a characteristic of Invertebrates), thus crushing in their movement whatever particles of food, that may have been entrapped. Their movement is without cessation and apparently very powerful.

Leading directly from this masticatory apparatus is a duct through which the food, now masticated and perhaps otherwise perfected for the processes of absorption and assimilation, flows into a short intestine, if so it can be called, from which, aided by the movement of the contractile vesicle it is dispersed throughout the body in the form of opposing currents, which eddy, whir, and flow, in exact imitation of a great river. The parenchymatous mass of the body may now absorb whatever nourishment it stands in need of, and the process of nutrition is completed.

Although we observed the preparation for several hours, we found it next to impossible to find any visible outlet to the water which is continually forced in through the mouth. It, perhaps, escapes through pores or, it may be, an invisible opening in some particular part of the body.

The animal has a peculiar movement by which it continually overlaps itself longitudinally, thus apparently forming a new groove, but is only a deception as there is but one groove and that is fixed; so the body may overlap all day without disturbing the functions of the former.

F. J. HAGENBARTH, '87.

### Jeanne D'Arc.

Full many a time in earth's eventful day  
A virgin's strength hath made the people free,  
A virgin's hand the tyrant dared to slay,  
A virgin's soul hath bowed to fate's decree.  
Saved by a virgin! runs the Jewish tale;  
Homeric echoes chant the monody;  
The Roman sibyl's wild, prophetic wail  
Sang of The Virgin that was yet to be.  
So in that sunny land beyond the sea,  
When savage warfare bade the folk despair,  
A maiden, dauntless as her fame is fair—  
A virgin clad in heaven's panoply,—  
Drove the oppressor to the further shore  
And freed th' ungrateful people evermore.

—T. EWING STEELE, '84, in *Catholic World*.

### Address of the Hon. Emory A. Storrs, Esq., to the Students of Notre Dame, June 12.

[On Friday evening, June 12, while on a visit to the University from the neighboring city of South Bend, where he had just concluded a professional engagement, Emory A. Storrs, Esq., one of the most prominent members of the legal profession in Chicago, and well known to fame as an orator, was asked by President Walsh to say a few words to the students. Mr. Storrs said it would give him pleasure to do so. In the mean time a large audience were congregated in the hall of the Academy of Music, and Mr. Storrs, being introduced, addressed them substantially as follows:]

"I hardly know where it is proper to begin, but I must say it is an agreeable task to address such an audience as I have here to-night. Young gentlemen, I wish you would understand that I speak from the very bottom of my heart when I say that it offords me the solidest pleasure this evening to come before the students of the far-famed Notre Dame, and to talk, not to you, but with you; to talk as I have decided to talk,—not so much about the duties as about the privileges of American citizenship. I have been in my day and generation a student; I am a student yet; and if you are good students to-day you will never be anything else than students. The privileges of this world are the privileges of learning which you enjoy here in far-famed Notre Dame, and I come to-night upon the invitation of those who are superintending your instruction, a pleased and delighted guest, and glad of the opportunity of saying something about your privileges, your responsibilities, and the great country in which we live.

"My first desire is to impress upon you the great characteristic of the century and generation in which we are—that characteristic being one of natural and moral charity. My second idea is to impress upon your minds this fact, that the duty of all scholarly instruction leads ultimately to the making of the good Christian and the good citizen. You are here at Notre Dame, and let me tell you that while Notre Dame has a great name, and gives you exceptional facilities for the attainment of your object in coming here, whether you shall succeed or not depends very much upon yourselves. I have heard of South Bend a great many years.



It has not been famous for its population, for your population is not great; nor for the fertility of its soil, other parts of the country are equally fertile; nor for the beauty of its fields, other fields are as green and as beautiful; it is not famous because your homes are lovely and attractive, there are many cities of the same size where the homes are as lovely; it is famous not because there are great lawyers living here (applause); they do live here, but great lawyers live elsewhere also. It is famous not because the skies are bluer than they are in other places,—they are about the same as in Indianapolis or Chicago. It is famous not because you have a renowned clergy,—you have, but that doesn't make you especially famous. It is famous not because of your great statesmen, for, to be honest about it, you haven't any. It is famous not because of your great mercantile enterprises and commercial interests, however great these may be. But after all this, South Bend is famous, and why? Because of three things: because of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and because of Schuyler Colfax.

"Is there a young man to-day that can give a description of a single street in ancient Athens, or bound a single square in Rome in the old days of Augustus Cæsar? Is there one here to-night that can tell me about more than three buildings in Athens? And yet Athens is famous, because of its men and women, and of some of its men in particular who have established for themselves and their city an imperishable renown,—men whose names will never die. Athens is immortal because of Demosthenes, Plato, Xenophon, Pericles, Socrates, Aristotle, Phidias. Do you know the name of a single rich man in Athens? Has history preserved the name of a single stockholder in the Parthenon? And yet I suppose they had a joint stock company in Athens in those early days. I think I can see the gentlemen who kept the city's purse and made the city's laws, when preparing to build the Parthenon, asking the stockholders: 'What are you going to do about it?' And the stockholders answer, 'We have hired Phidias to do it for us.' The stockholders have passed away, but the structure remains. The names of the bankers, and the merchants, and the other rich men of Athens have been lost in the mist of ages, but the name of Phidias will never die.

"This leads me, as you see, to this conclusion: That you are here to prepare yourselves for the duties of citizenship, to make yourselves worthy sons of this country and of your dear old *Alma Mater*. This success will not depend upon what I say about it, or what some one else says about it. You must do the work yourselves, and do it in such a manner that it will reflect honor upon you, upon your country, upon your age. The beauty and the glory of this country is that every man shall be the architect not only of his own fame but that of the land in which we live. This consideration is a strong appeal to our patriotism as American citizens. Now I want to talk to you about this patriotism. For myself, gentlemen, I

love this country beyond anything that I can describe to you. I love it with no wild and glamorous affection. I love it so well that there is not a good thing the earth holds that I would not like to transport into it. I love it so well that I would have it run no risks. I love it so well that I would have all its citizens so just and so happy that none of them would need padlocks on their houses. I love it so well that I would accord the widest latitude of discussion to every human being in it. I love this country so well that I bow to the will of the majority, so that when my candidate is defeated I will say not that the majority is wrong but that I was mistaken. I love it so well that I would tolerate no man who would interfere in the slightest degree with the political or religious belief of its people. I hope, I believe, I trust that this College will send out missionaries everywhere who will teach this country this doctrine, and that while they adhere to their own convictions they will accord to every human being absolute liberty of opinion. When that liberty of opinion is denied, I am in favor of war.

"I have said that I would talk to you about patriotism. We boast sometimes about the wrong things. Remember that our country is not great in the real, true sense of the word because it is big. Remember that greatness does not consist in the fact that we have 50,000,000 of people, that we have large rivers and mountains, and that our country is bounded by two oceans. Is that to our credit? Athens was not much larger than South Bend, but will South Bend live in history as Athens does? That will depend upon what its people and the students of Notre Dame do. Why should we brag about what God gives us? What credit is it for you or for me that from the tracts above St. Paul flows a great river which carries our marvellous commerce from one end of the country to the other. God sent that river flowing to the sea. What credit is it to you or to me that our mountains pierce the very clouds, and are capped with snow all through the year? God placed those mountains there. What credit is it to us that the roses bloom, and that the plains and hill-sides smile with the waving grain? We did not make them so: God gives this abundance; you will find it all over the world. These are but material; they are the smallest part. They do not make our country. The mountains and the fields are larger in Russia than they are here; the valleys are more lovely in England than they are here; the plains are as beautiful in Germany as they are here; the visions of scenic beauty among the vine-clad hills of Italy surpass anything that we have here. These, grand and beautiful as they are, do not make the country.

"Man is the masterpiece of God's creation, and upon him depends the country's welfare and the country's fame. The United States of America are made up, not of the accidents of nature, but of the character of the men and the women that live here. This country was made by the well-poised patriotism of Washington and the heroes of the Revolution; by the sturdy manhood of the elder Adams;

by the even-handed justice and philosophic devotion to democratic ideas of Jefferson; by the luminous intellect of Hamilton; by the aggressive good sense of Jackson; by the courage of Grant and Sherman and Butler; by the patient, self-sacrificing devotion of Lincoln; this country is the act of the patriotism and heroism of every man that lived and died for it. This country is the act of the genius of our patriots and the inspiration of our orators, of the devotion of our clergymen—like Bishop Hughes, God bless him! This country is the act of the integrity of our lawyers, of the literary genius of our historians, of the artistic skill that has made it brilliant by the thoughts that have been painted on canvas. This country is the act of that spirit that put men and money into the field that a great nation might live; that spirit which in the valley of the Mississippi has reared a colossal empire, the like of which the world never saw before, which is actuated by the principle that all men are capable of self-government. It is that idea which is emblazoned on its free dome; that marvellous inscription tells us that there is not a piece of ground so small that the citizen of the Republic cannot stand beneath its starry banner and think and speak and act as he pleases, with no one to molest or make him fear. Is not this the grandest country under the sun, the like of which the world never saw before!—and you, boys as you now are, must one day take its banner in your hand. Do you fully realize the nature of the responsibility that will be imposed upon you?

“I am not here to flatter you to-night; I am past that period. I am not seeking to persuade you to become good citizens. I am not seeking to persuade you to be a credit to Notre Dame; I insist that not one of you shall ever disgrace it. I demand this of you. There is but one despotism in this country, and that is the despotism of Duty. I am not seeking to coax you to be good students or good citizens; I say you *must* be. You, and such as you, must carry the sacred trust that we leave you, and in doing so you must not fall below the level of your fathers or lower than your history. Think of that. There is no reason why you should fail. You have had all the benefits—and more—that your fathers had.

“You are the repositories of that country’s mighty trust. In your hands will be placed its most precious treasures. Our responsibility is nearly ended. The time of our captivity in Babylon is nearly passed. Have you the courage to take those responsibilities from our hands? Sons of Notre Dame, have you the strength to carry through your generation the load that we have carried? You are not smaller than we,—will you be worthy of the splendid heritage which we leave you? If you are half-way worthy, the next generation will receive it from your hands, not only unimpaired, but strengthened, glorified, dignified. Our work has been well done, has it not? We have brought you into the world to continue it. Treat your fathers fairly, and remember that you honor them by improving upon them. Remember, too, that the credit that you do an institution comes not

from mere lip-service, but from actions. Remember that not one goes out from here but writes a record of the achievements of old Notre Dame. If in the careers that are before you a single thing be done by any one, a single disgraceful act committed that would cast a stain upon the fair fame of blessed old Notre Dame, it would cause a pang in the heart of every one of your old professors. You do not know Notre Dame as I know it. I insist that you shall not fall beneath your precedents; and—do you not agree with me?

“My young friends, we are all American citizens. As Americans, we hope to see this the happiest, the most prosperous land beneath the sun. I do, and I am sure you do. We wish to see this made the grandest country in the world by the scholars of the land. I therefore say, finally, all hail to old Notre Dame! All hail to that spirit that has given you these beautiful halls, those fine structures! All hail that broad, catholic instruction which it gives! As the years go by, may all its walls be brilliant with the highest works of art. May the faithful student of Notre Dame, as he watches the rending of the sky in years to come, see the sun as it rises in the East and sets in the West illuminating the old dome and the old college with the brilliance of its lustre. When I am an old man and sit by my fireside reading the history of our country, will you not give me one page of your actions to cheer me and give me pride when I say that in 1885 I spent a pleasant hour with the students of Notre Dame and talked to them? My young friends, you see what is expected of you. Be faithful to your trust.”

#### College Gossip.

—The silver jubilee of the foundation of St. Francis Xavier’s College, New York City, will occur on the 25th inst.

—A stained-glass window, presented by the Class of ’85, has been placed in the Law Library of Columbia College, New York. It contains an heroic representation of Sophocles in the attitude of the well-known antique marble statue. Behind the figure is a sunny landscape, in the middle distance of which is seen the portico of a temple. It is executed in selected mosaic of opalescent and antique glass, in which the colors are so fixed into the material as to be imperishable.

—The custom of the Chinese Government to present its exhibit at international fairs to some leading institution of the country in which the fair is held, led President Angell and a few friends of the Michigan University to petition the Chinese Government to present its New Orleans exhibit to Michigan University. The request, originally made to the Commissioners at New Orleans, was referred to Peking. A cable reply has been received from the Chinese Government announcing its determination to present the whole collection shown at the World’s Fair to the University of Michigan. It comprises 1,200 different exhibits, and is valued at over \$20,000.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 20, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

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Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—There will be an extra number of the SCHOLASTIC issued on the morning of Commencement Day—Wednesday next. It will contain the Alumni Oration, Class Day Poem, reports of the Oratorical Contest, and other exercises up to Tuesday evening. Call at the Office at 9 a. m., Wednesday.

—The members of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association, who held their Annual Convention in South Bend during the present week, paid a visit to the College, on the evening of Thursday last, and were entertained at supper by Rev. President Walsh. After an inspection of the College buildings and premises, they assembled in the Junior reading-room, where an address was delivered by Prof. Hoynes, and remarks made by President Walsh and several members of the association. The editors then held one of their regular sessions and elected officers for the ensuing year. Among those present were J. C. Hewitt, *Lagrange Register*; W. K. Sheffer, *Angola Herald*; Gen. Reub. Williams, *Warsaw Indianian*; Quincy A.

Hossler, *Warsaw Daily Times*; J. C. Loveland, *Corunna Headlight*; J. B. Stoll and C. A. McDonald, *South Bend Times*; Elmer Crockett, *South Bend Tribune*; H. S. Fassett, *South Bend Register*; H. H. Francis, *Michigan City Dispatch*; Dr. A. S. Parker, *Kendallville News*; J. W. Siders, *Plymouth Republican*; Hon. Dan'l McDonald, *Plymouth Democrat*; E. A. Jernegan, *Mishawaka Enterprise*; L. H. Beyerle, *Pierce-ton Independent*; D. S. Keil, *Ft. Wayne Daily Gazette*; J. Frank Snyder, *Lagrange Register*; R. H. Rerick, *Lagrange Standard*; D. B. Hoover, *Huntington News*; W. H. Norton, *Elkhart Sentinel*; Thos. A. Starr, *Goshen Daily News*; W. A. Beane, *Goshen Democrat*.

All spoke in the highest terms of their cordial reception and their flattering appreciation of the advantages provided by Notre Dame as an educational institution.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., '56, recently delivered a very eloquent and effective lecture on Temperance in South Bend. We present the following extract from a lengthy report which appeared in the *South Bend Tribune*:

"To stem this evil, a mere Temperance Society will do no good; for a victim of this fatal vice cannot *limit* the number of times he will drink. He cannot say, 'I will drink three times a day and no more.' He stands on an ice-bound precipice and his foot slips; farther he falls and faster, as he is borne down by his own impetus and with ever increasing velocity. *Total Abstinence* is the only sure safeguard. Those who are in danger of falling into intemperance will be placed beyond the possibility of a fall, and those who do not need this bulwark for themselves will, by their strength, sustain their weaker brethren, and will say to them: '*Come and stand by me*, and I will help you to be strong.' As total abstainers you are secure, provided you seek the only means by which to make that security impregnable. The true remedy lies in the Church of God and the sacraments it administers to the souls of men. In man himself, there is no power to overcome this vice. Laws are useless, they cannot reach the *heart* of man. A law was passed forbidding the sale of liquor to all but travellers. The next morning every man was a traveller, with his carpet bag in his hand, buying liquor over the counter.

Public meetings, fine halls and eloquent oratory cannot conquer the evil. As soon as the sound of the speaker's voice dies on the ear of the drunkard, he goes back to his drinking. Only the grace of God, through the sacraments of the Church, can reach man's heart. It is only by the aid of God's ministry that man can pluck up and root out of his heart that which whisky has planted there. Be fervent, then, in the practice of your holy faith, and by the sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion strengthen yourselves in the good work you have undertaken. No other charity can surpass it in merit, no other can be more pleasing



to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; for it alone can measure the evil that comes from liquor."

"Vapid Vaporings."\*

This is a very neat little volume, printed on heavy, toned paper, and tony in its binding and general appearance. As to the contents, language utterly fails to convey any adequate idea of them. They are as indescribable as "Justin Thyme" himself. What he says of La Fontaine, on being asked to translate that poet's fable of "The Rat that Retired from the World," may with justice be applied to "Vapid Vaporings":

"In one short word more pow'r is oft displayed  
Than we could find in many a treatise long;  
How then, in homely Saxon speech,  
Should I pretend his subtle depths to reach?"

All who have read the SCHOLASTIC during the last few years have had occasional glimpses of "Justin Thyme's" quaint, grotesque humor, and know that it is indescribable. In the preface to "Vapid Vaporings" he says of the present volume: "Aware of the unpopularity of what is known as 'spring poetry', the author has endeavored, in the following attempts at versification, to reduce his coefficient of elasticity to a minimum. For the same reason, and to avoid giving offence to any large class of his fellow-citizens, he has omitted his campaign ballads ["Justin Thyme" is a mossbacked Democrat of the Andrew Jackson type], flattering as were the encomiums passed upon them at the time of their production."

"Justin Thyme" is a humorist—queer, quaint, quizzical, deeply original—but we cannot help thinking him a poor judge of the relative merits of his own humorous pieces. Still, with so much that is good left out, "Vapid Vaporings" is just the kind of book for the dog-days. We doubt if any of our famous American humorists ever wrote anything equal to "The Lady Anatomist," or "The Nervous System," in the "*Chansons Physiologiques*." "Modern Improvements" is a very clever parody on Poe's famous poem, "The Raven." "The Song of the Spittoon" will be appreciated by the numerous disciples of Johannes Fumigator, and the "Ode to the Dog Star" by summer visitors to the Adirondacks and the seaside. We presume many of the readers of "Vapid Vaporings" will wonder whether Justin Thyme is a professor of languages, a physician, an astronomer, or a civil engineer, but his lines to an offending editor show no very civil spirit. Read them, and judge.

In his dedication to his fellow-students of Notre Dame the author says he hopes that a sufficient sum will be realized from the sale of his book to pay his funeral expenses "on a very moderate and unassuming scale." We hope "Justin Thyme" will not die for a long time yet; he is one of those dyed-in-the-wool humorists that can ill be spared by dyspeptic humanity. B.

\* VAPID VAPORINGS. By Justin Thyme. Notre Dame, Indiana: Scholastic Office. 1885. 142 pages. Price, \$1.

The St. Cecilians' Banquet.

The Twenty-Seventh Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of the University was given last Tuesday afternoon—the 16th inst. Among the guests were Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., '56; Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., '70; Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C.; Rev. P. O'Brien; Rev. M. Regan, '78, Prefect of Discipline; Rev. D. J. Haggerty, C. S. C., South Bend; Messrs. Judge Alward, Hon. Lucius Tong, '62, Jacob F. Studebaker, Aaron Jones, P. O'Brien, Dr. John Cassidy, '52, C. N. Fassett, of the *Register*, T. A. De Weese, and Elmer Crockett, of the *Tribune*, South Bend, Ind.: there were also the members of the Faculty, representatives of the various college societies—making altogether about two hundred guests. Letters of regret were received from Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind.; Jacob Wile, Esq., and David Wile, of Laporte, Ind.; Major Loughman, Judge Noyes, A. A. Anderson, Pros. Att. Egbert, of South Bend, and others. The banquet was spread in the Junior dining hall which had been tastefully and elegantly decorated with trimmings of ever-greens, laces, natural flowers, etc., by the good Sisters. The ornamentation showed extremely fine taste and skill. In particular the immense pyramidal bouquet of fresh flowers which adorned the centre table over which Father General presided attracted the attention and admiration of all present. The spread embraced all the delicacies, as well as the "substantials," of the season, prepared with the wonted skill of the Sisters of the culinary department.

Precisely at four o'clock the members of the Society and their guests entered the dining hall, and, while the band played, took their places at the tables. Grace was said by Very Rev. Father General Sorin who presided, and in whose honor the banquet was given. After due justice was done the many good things, Master T. E. Cleary, of Covington, Ky., a prominent St. Cecilian, arose and read the following very appropriate address to Father General:

"VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:—There is a tradition in this society that you have ever been its guardian and companion; that the St. Cecilia Association is as the apple of your eye. This thought gives us the greatest pleasure, and, in gratitude for all your favors—for those of the past ten months especially—we have invited you this afternoon to preside at the last and best of the entertainments of the year. Most likely, during the pilgrimage which you have just completed, you graced many a festive board and were entertained in a manner much more worthy of you—even by the princes of the Church. But we trust that when you see the pleasure your safe return has given us, you will draw no comparison between those entertainments and the one we offer you to-day. 'The dinner of herbs where love is,' has been spoken of in the most flattering terms by the highest authority. Of course, we look to our elders to supply the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but you may rely on us for the love that is, after all, perhaps the best part of it. Twenty-seven years ago you founded the St. Cecilia Society, and for many years stimulated the members to practise the 'good, the beautiful and the true.' You have lived to see the fruit of your labors.

The ranks of men that have gone out into the world from this Association are the pride of their *Alma Mater*. Every profession has at least one representative from the roll of the Saint Cecilians. Many of our members fought bravely in the army. The medical and legal professions have several of them. Some have become orators, literary men and statesmen. Among the clergy, a few of the most distinguished were once fellows of the Association. This University has become, or will become—for it must become—the most renowned in America. This is undoubtedly owing, in a great measure, to the energy of our distinguished President, Father Walsh, and we suppose his greatness is in a considerable degree attributable to the fact that he has so long been a member and the director of the St. Cecilians. Now, Father General, we wish to assure you of the pleasure your safe return has given us all, and to beg that you will never again trust yourself upon the ocean, but will remain the rest of your life with your children who love you so well. We are glad to see that your health retains its accustomed vigor and hope that, for many a year to come, your presence will grace and honor, as it does to-day, the annual banquet of the St. Cecilia Association."

Master F. Hagenbarth, of Challis, Idaho, who acted as toast-master, presented the following toasts.

OUR HOLY FATHER LEO XIII.—Strong in truth, faith, hope and charity. Armed with the flaming sword of truth, the monstrous shapes of sin and error flee from his presence; the vision of his faith penetrates the misty veil of life and beholds the omnipotence of God and the anticipated glories of the heavens, even as the eye of mortal sees the cloud, but knows that the sun shines above it; or sees the brilliant light of day, but knows that beyond its narrow fringe shine the stars in resplendence; his hope, full of the benediction of God's promise, looks with trusting gaze and confidence upon the temple of which He said, "Porte inferi non prevalebunt"; his charity encircles the whole human race, irrespective of color or condition, realizing that finite wisdom cannot understand the unsearchable ways of Him who created these distinctions and suffered them to exist through all the ages. It is the charity which says, "They are; they are Thy works; I love all Thy works, O Lord!"

Very Rev. Father Sorin, being called upon for a response, said that he did not wish to encroach upon their time by any lengthy remarks, as he knew there were many present who would be pleased to address them. He thanked the St. Cecilians for the fine dinner, and complimented them, and the rest of the students, on the satisfaction their conduct had given himself and the college authorities all the year round. Of these congratulations you must, of course, take the best part to yourselves, because you are the cream of the Junior department. Your conduct reflects honor upon yourselves. My saying so would be of little benefit to you if you had not done your part to merit it, and I must congratulate you sincerely for it, and your President on the satisfactory results of the year we are now closing. You allude to other entertainments which I have met with, in our institutions abroad. Yes, they have been very fine; without detraction I will say fully equal to your own. Our college in Paris is very probably the largest in the city, with a very select body of students that it is a pleasure to meet. Another of our colleges in Montreal, and a third in New Brunswick, show very gratifying results. It is no small pleasure to me to behold the success of this and the many other Catholic colleges throughout the United States. As for the very fine record here

during the past year, I can take none of the credit to myself; Father Walsh attends to these things, and all I have to do is to look on. We have now the promise of a new Catholic University in this country—the result of serious consultations in the Council at Baltimore last fall, and of the personal generosity of the friends of higher education. I am greatly rejoiced at this. I hope to see this new University in Washington become the pride of that city and of our country. It will aid, without interfering with, the many excellent colleges that are now doing good work. As for ourselves, I am happy to state that our colleges are highly thought of. In Rome, as well as in Paris, we have a very good name. I have seen evidences of this, and I think more are forthcoming. I hope you will show yourselves real scholars of Notre Dame, and that you will prove yourselves and your *Alma Mater* worthy of honor by your conduct and by your zeal.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.—Devoted with unwavering fidelity to the great mission to which it was auspiciously dedicated, 43 years ago, its alumni, its students and its friends greatly rejoice to witness the fruition of its merited reward in the new buildings erected and in course of construction, in its increased capacity and superior facilities to meet the most exacting demands of a finished education, and in the rapidly augmenting evidences of its progress and prosperity; and they heartily unite in the sentiment of a common hope that, under the same prudent management, it may go undeviatingly forward until it reaches a conspicuous place among the first educational institutions of the Union.

President Walsh being called upon to respond, referred in very complimentary terms to Mr. Aaron Jones, of South Bend, and said he would withdraw in his favor.

Mr. Jones arose, with a smile, and said: "I have made one or two speeches for the Rev. Father Walsh before, and they must have been very successful efforts or I should not have been called upon with the honor and favor of this afternoon. Young gentlemen, I can hardly express the warmth of my feelings for this institution, the pride of our country and of our city. Nothing pleases me more than to hear of its prosperity. This institution is not only growing by additions to its buildings and advantages,—it is growing stronger by the energy, love and perseverance of its students. We want to see it the first institution in the country, and to see young men going out from it that will be an honor to it,—young men who will always dare to do what is right, and stand by the right,—who will establish all over our country a better principle. The mere fact of book-learning does not make the man; you must have coupled with that a broad integrity, the living of an honest, pure and upright life. We would like to have you live up to the principles here inculcated. What a benefit such an institution as this must be to our country! I believe it makes better men, stronger men, braver men and abler men, and that there is no institution in this country of ours superior to the one we have right here. Here a student is surrounded with every influence that is best qualified to tone down his nature and make him a splendid specimen of manhood. I feel proud of every institution in our

country, and I think there is none that goes ahead of grand old Notre Dame. As you are now going home, I hope you will bring others with you to Notre Dame; if they stay here until they enter manhood I will guarantee that they will become an honor to their State.

OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.—Long may they flourish in sweet sisterhood, the pride and glory of their *Alma Mater*, and may names as bright and records as fair continue to be inscribed on their annals as those which have adorned their past.

Rev. Father Spillard, C. S. C., in former days a member of the St. Cecilia Society, was called upon, and responded with an eloquent speech. He said that all present would applaud to the echo the sentiment expressed in the toast, that these associations shall be in the future, as in the past, the pride of Notre Dame. They offer undoubted advantages to the student that is actuated by a laudable ambition to be an honor to himself and to his *Alma Mater*, and he hoped that the record of their members will be such as their successors in the future can follow, and point to with an honest pride.

OUR COUNTRY.—The best, bravest, brightest, truest, freest, dearest, happiest land of all the earth!

Rev. Father O'Brien made a most eloquent, soul-stirring speech in response to this toast. He said he was not going to begin his little speech by exhorting his young auditors to love their country. Only a few days ago they had been exhorted to do so, and he would only give a few supplementary reasons why they should do so. Our country, in order to become what she is, had first to go through a contest such as was never known before in the history of the world—a contest that was bitter, bloody, fierce, long, and most uncertain! But in proportion to its length and bitterness and fierceness were the glorious results that it brought us. First and foremost, this country became the home of the exile, the refuge of the oppressed of all countries. Secondly, the rights that Almighty God has given to every man were made part and parcel of the laws of this country. Some men will tell you too much is said about the results of the Revolution. They will tell you that this liberty—American liberty, liberty the world over—is but a sound, that signifies nothing. But those that talk in this way are invariably those who are everlastingly snapping and snarling and criticising everything and everybody. Some of them may do this from singularity, others from ignorance; but, singular or ignorant, I would say to them what I would now impress upon you, that this is a great, and good, and free country. No matter what demagogues say about the sins of the Democratic party, or the Republican party—no matter what political alarmists say about rings and monopolies and corporations, nor how much they talk about the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer. Yet, I say it, I repeat it, this is a great, glorious and free country, the greatest and the freest that the sun of heaven blesses with its light. On American soil, made sacred by the blood of patriots, you do not find those hateful distinctions that are found

elsewhere. In accordance with that first principle of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal, American laws do not recognize one man to be above the other. In the eye of the law the poorest man is on a par with the richest.

Now, you may call this cheap patriotism, you may call it buncombe, but if you study this matter calmly and dispassionately I am sure you will agree with me. I am tired of hearing it said that our people are no longer faithful to the traditions of their revolutionary sires. I am heart-sick of hearing it said that the statesmen of our days are not equal to the statesmen of other days. I cannot think that our country is tending to centralization or absolutism. I have confidence in the integrity and patriotism of our people. A bad party or clique may contrive to get into temporary power, it is true, but there is a power in this country mightier than any party or clique. That power is the people, the will of the sovereign people, and so long as the people continue to be what they are, honest, upright, just, intelligent, lovers of fair play, in favor of religion and education, we have on reason at all to share in the fears that some seem to entertain. I look around me upon this audience—this joyous audience. I see it largely made up of what I shall call embryo Democrats and embryo Republicans. I see here some old full-fledged, mossbacked, Hickory Jackson Democrats, and here and there some old simon-pure, square-toed Republicans! So I think it no harm to say—on the contrary, I think it the very thing I ought to say—that so long as we have a man of the stamp of Grover Cleveland in the Presidential chair, great legal luminaries like Chief Justice Waite in the Supreme Court, men like Henricks and Edmunds and Logan and Morrison and Kelley in Congress, and last, but not least, men like Phil Sheridan at the head of our armies, no man need fear; in other words, our country will continue to be in the future, as she has been in the past, the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

OUR COLLEGE DAYS.—The time when we are wise in fancy and learn to be wise in fact—a time to be enjoyed in memory even more than in possession.

By special request, Prof. Ackerman responded to the toast with a German college song of the days of "auld lang syne" at Bonn, which he accompanied on the guitar. The song was encored, but the Professor could not be brought out a second time.

THE PRESS.—True to right, inimical to injustice and tyranny, obedient to all intelligent demands of responsible liberty, influential as a public educator, and reliable as an index of the thought and social status of the people, it stands confessedly before all the world the greatest, grandest, noblest and most useful of inventions.

Responded to by Mr. T. De Weese, of the *Tribune*, in a short speech which contained some good advice for embryotic journalists, with a strong spice of humor.

OUR INVITED GUESTS.—Their friendship is an honor which Cecilians appreciate, and of which it is their aim never to show themselves undeserving.

Responded to by Prof. W. Hoynes, in his usual felicitous style.

Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., a student of '56, being called upon, stirred up some reminiscences of the old days at college, and called attention to the great changes 'twixt then and now, even since his time. True, in years the college is not old, for the first student of Notre Dame is still living, a successful business man in South Bend, but the work done is, according to the ordinary measure of time, the work of centuries. The Cecilia Society, therefore, showed its discernment and did itself honor in dedicating this feast to Very Rev. Father General, the venerable founder of the University. Father Cooney spoke at some length on that grand characteristic of religious orders, the spirit of obedience, without which such an institution as this at Notre Dame would be an impossibility. He hoped the students coming here would imbibe that spirit, the spirit of obedience and filial devotion, now unfortunately becoming rare, and take it with them to bless their lives and life-work.

We regret that our limited space does not permit a full report of these speeches to be published, and forces the exclusion of others—for all were excellent, and would be very acceptable to our readers. We know that Rev. Father Spillard's eloquent speech on the college societies, their work, and their advantages, would be read with great pleasure by hundreds of old-time members as well as by those who were present. We must also apologize to Aaron Jones, Mr. T. De Weese, Esq., of the *South Bend Tribune*, and Prof. Hoynes.

The closing act of the festive occasion was "the cake and ring" feature. Thirty-five beautifully frosted, innocent-looking little cakes—one for each member of the Society—were held on a platter by Very Rev. Father General, and the Cecilians came forward, one by one, and took a cake. The cake was taken by Master Will Berthelet, of Milwaukee, who thus became "King of the Day" and nobly utilized the prerogatives of his office by giving himself and his subjects "rec."

Thus terminated what during the past twenty-seven years has been the crowning event of the scholastic year at Notre Dame—the Cecilian reunion. As year follows after year in the history of the Association, each is marked by the gentle, painstaking and instructive direction of the worthy President, Prof. J. A. Lyons, so that this annual reunion has become a feature of our college life next in importance to Commencement. May it continue so, and may Prof. Lyons long enjoy years of health and vigor to continue his noble work!

#### Local Items.

- Ho, for the trunk-room!
- The "Blues" are blue, indeed!
- The picnic was a grand success.
- Call for the SCHOLASTIC on Wednesday morning.
- The western students are to travel in style in their hotel cars.

—They say that "Mac" sustained his reputation at the Banquet.

—Will Berthelet is the lucky man who drew the St. Cecilia ring.

—All books should be returned to the Librarian before Monday evening.

—"Be still, my heart!" murmurs the young man who expects a gold medal.

Lost—A pair of light gold spectacles. The finder will confer a favor by returning them to the Prefect of Discipline.

—After a brief, but exciting struggle, the "Stars of the East" have come from the field laden with the spoils of victory.

—Bro. William has the thanks of the St. Cecilians for valuable assistance rendered in the decoration of their festal hall.

—On Monday begin our Annual Commencement Exercises, closing on Wednesday noon. See programme on another page.

—The morning zephyrs that blow about 5 o'clock from the lake are laden with the Coxswain's gentle cry of "Stroke!" The crews enjoy it.

—There are a number of unsightly boxes in the yard in the rear of the college that might be removed, or at least made less of an eye-sore.

—To-morrow evening the Euglossians will present a little "preliminary preface previous to the proceedings" of the Oratorical Contest. Look out for them.

—In Juan A. Creel's competitions in penmanship there are some very superior specimens of artistic work—equal, or almost equal to Spener's masterpieces.

—Master E. Darragh carried off the gold pen, awarded as a prize for the best record in the Class of Geography and U. S. History in the Junior Preparatory department.

—Work is being actively pushed forward on the extension to the church. From present appearances the addition, with its beautiful side chapels, will be completed before winter sets in.

—Mr. W. T. Holley, Gen'l Pass. Ag't of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific R.R. may be found, to-day and to-morrow in the Students' Office and, will furnish information regarding his road.

—The Sorin and Walsh nines of the Minim department played their fourth championship game of baseball on the 14th inst. The contest resulted in favor of the Sorin nine by a score of 11 to 10.

—The visit of the members of the Editorial Association of Northern Indiana was greatly appreciated, and we regret that circumstances have prevented us from giving a detailed report.

—The L. S. & M. S. R.R. will provide two special trains next week for the accommodation of western students and visitors. One will leave at 4 p. m. on Wednesday, and the other at 8.30 a. m. on Thursday.

—In the instruction delivered to the Juniors on last Tuesday night, Rev. President Walsh paid a fine tribute to the gentlemanly deportment and

high degree of talent exhibited by the members of the St. Cecilia Association.

—In addition to their other duties, our efficient corps of college stenographers have done good work this week in reporting the address of the Hon. Emory A. Storrs and the speeches at the St. Cecilians' banquet, abstracts of some of which will be found in this week's SCHOLASTIC.

—The Notre Dame University Orchestra, whose playing was referred to last week, is at present organized as follows: Viola, B. Basil; 'Cello, B. Leopold; 1st Violins, Prof. Paul and B. Anselm; 2d Violins, Geo. Myers, James Rahilly, Carlisle Mason; Clarinet, Wm. Congdon; flutes, Sydney Dickerson, Delano C. Saviers; French Horns, Rev. J. M. Toohey and Mr. John Guthrie; Trombone, Rev. J. Frère; Contrabass, Harry F. Porter; Cornets, Messrs. J. Spangler, F. Thurston.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held the closing meeting of the session in St. Edward's Hall, on Tuesday, June 16th. The speakers on the occasion were W. McPhee, L. Scherrer, E. Kelly, E. Henry, B. O'Kane, F. Crotty, A. McVeigh, J. Kelly, J. Ernest, F. Piel, J. Doss, F. Peck, S. Shöneman, I. Bunker, W. Henry, I. Grunsfeld, F. Garrity, F. Cobbs, J. McNulty. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the venerable patron of the Association, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, as a mark of acknowledgment of the words of instruction which he imparted during the year, and which have exercised a marked influence on the minds and hearts of the members of the society.

—The following is an outline of the Programme for Commencement Week:

MONDAY.

7.30 p. m. .... Grand Oratorical Contest

TUESDAY.

8 a. m. .... Alumni Mass  
9 " " .... Alumni Meeting  
10.30 " " .... Regatta  
1 p. m. .... Alumni Banquet  
7.30 " " .... Exercises in Washington Hall  
Cantata, Class Poem, Alumni Oration, Distribution of Premiums etc.

WEDNESDAY.

8 a. m. Exercises in Washington Hall, Cantata, Valedictory, Oration of the Day, Conferring of Degrees, Class Prizes, Honor Medals, etc., etc. "Home, Sweet Home!" by the Band.

—In addition to the car "Notre Dame University," a second hotel car has been chartered for the use of the western students with their parents and friends. The party will leave South Bend Thursday morning; the 25th inst., at 8.30., by special train, *via* the L. S. & M. S. R.R. On reaching Chicago, the two hotel cars will at once be transferred to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R., over which it will go to Kansas City. From Kansas City to Denver, and points in the Southwest, the party will take the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé Ry. The Denver & Rio Grande famous "Scenic Route," will take the party—or rather a portion of it—to points in Colorado and Utah. The Colorado party will go from South Bend to Denver without change of cars.

—It is hard to tell where the enterprise of the Fathers of Notre Dame University will stop. Their last undertaking is the construction of a hotel car, of the most-luxurious description, for their western students. Thus the students from Colorado, New Mexico, Mexico, etc., will travel in a body, in the car of their *Alma Mater*, to their respective homes. The journey from South Bend to the city of Mexico, occupies a week. Several members of the Faculty will accompany the students on their trip home, and the arrangement of having a special hotel car to convey students, will doubtless prove to be popular and attractive. Notre Dame has no State treasury to hammer at for funds, but, somehow, when she starts for anything she "gits thar," just the same.—*Tpsilanti Sentinel*.

—The Director of the Historical Department is indebted to Bro. Philemon, Director of the Cathedral schools, Milwaukee, and to Bro. Benjamin, Director of the Cathedral schools, Alton, Ill., for valuable additions to the Historical Cabinet; also for excellent portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Milwaukee, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton. Thanks are also returned to Dr. Le Prohon, of Portland, Maine, for an original biography in French of the Rt. Rev. William Tyler, first Bishop of Hartford; Letters written by Bishop Tyler and Bishop McFarland; third Bishop of Hartford, and a piece of the soutane in which Bishop Tyler was buried. Dr. Le Prohon was attending physician to Bishop Tyler for many years, and he assisted in carrying the Bishop's body to its final resting-place.

—Tuesday afternoon, the spacious dining-hall of the University of Notre Dame was the scene of one of the pleasantest events of the whole college year. It was the occasion of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, given in honor of Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., Superior-General of the University of Notre Dame. The whole affair, which was one of rare pleasure to the students, Professors and invited guests, was under the immediate supervision of Prof. J. A. Lyons, president of the St. Cecilia Society. The dining-hall and tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, and about two hundred guests sat down to the festal board. At the head of the main table sat Rev. Father Sorin, the Founder of Notre Dame, while on the right sat Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame; the whole presented an inspiring spectacle. There were also present, besides the members of the St. Cecilia Society, the professors of Notre Dame, invited guests from South Bend, and representatives of the press. Letters of regret were received from a large number who were unable to be present.—*Chicago Times*.

—We have no doubt that the following appreciative letter concerning a recent publication will be of interest, not only to the numerous friends of the learned writer, but to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC in general:

"Your much-desired 'Vapid Vaporings' came *just in time* ('Justin in Thyme') to drive off some saucy blue-



devils that were sorely afflicting me since a few days. . . . Many warm thanks for the service you have thus rendered me. On the receipt of the dear volume I forthwith called a meeting of our literary club (all the members of which are great admirers of Justin Thyme), for the express and sole purpose of *déguster* the famous nectar and ambrosia you serve therein to your fun-loving readers. It is quite impossible for me to describe the wild, the extravagant, the boisterous clappings of hands, stampings of feet, and convulsive laughers that reverberated through the halls and corridors of the story (the 3d of the central building) where I have my museums, cabinet, laboratory and class-room, for fully 3 hours of intense enjoyments. The word *finis* having been pronounced, and the precious and jolly book closed we, all—*i. e.*, unanimously—declared you to be the champion—the *princeps ex omnibus*—of the American and Canadian humorists. Mark Twain is often vulgar and coarse, and not unfrequently ribald in his jokes; Artemus Ward lacks elegance, grace, correctness and vivacity in many passages of his funny writings; the philosopher, Josh Billings, spells horribly; Bengough, of Toronto, is wanting in coloring and purity. We, Laurentians, give to *you* the palm to encircle your noble brow, and not to decorate your coffin! May you live to see, at least, the middle of next century; and may you give us many more of these chaste, delicate, tasteful, spirited 'Vapid Vaporings!' These are, mainly, the two heartfelt wishes of

—Thursday, at 10 a. m., the Seniors, in military rank and file and with banners floating in the breeze, marched through the College grounds and beyond the lake to celebrate their grand, annual picnic. Contrary to general expectation, the day opened bright and clear, while a gentle breeze, blowing from the South, played among the branches of the lofty oaks that rear their heads on the lake bank, and went whistling through the roomy dusters of the picnickers, causing them to appear like belated vessels on the high seas. At the hour of noon the loud clarion resounded through the forests, calling them on to an assault upon the refreshment table, which was laden with a plenteous supply of everything that charms the heart of picnic-goers. Bro. Paul, with sleeves rolled up, tended to the wants of all, and excelled himself in his efforts to make things pleasant. Father Walsh called around to see the boys in the morning. During the day those students of a sentimental nature roamed through the aisles of the forest (poet's license), seeking inspirations, and puffing fragrant Havannas. In fine, every one enjoyed himself, and the general verdict is that "there is nothing like it." A vote of thanks is hereby tendered to Rev. Father Walsh, Bros. Paul, Emmanuel and Hilarion for kindness shown in connection with the picnic.

#### Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ashton, A. A. Browne, F. Baca, Becerra, M. Burns, Byrnes, F. L. Brown, Breen, F. Burke, V. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Walter Collins, Wm. Collins, Chapin, Crawford, Creel, F. Combe, Cusack, Coghlin, Campbell, De Groot, Dexter, Dwan, Dickerson, Dolan, Estrado, Finlay, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Guthrie, Horn, Halligan, Howard, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Loomis, Livingston, McCabe, McMillian, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McCartney, McMur-

ray, Marion, Mathers, Murdock, Miller, Morrison, Jno. Murphy, McNulty, O'Kane, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, H. Porter, Reach, Roth, G. H. Smith, A. T. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Shaffer, Saviers, Jno. Troy, W. Williams, Waggoner, White, Wilson, Woodbridge, Werst.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Amoretti, Bastable, Borgschulze, Berthelet, Baur, Congdon, Cummings, Colina, Chamberlain, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Cavaroc, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenborg, Donnellan, Daly, Darragh, De Haas, Eppstein, Ewing, Finckh, Fehr, Flood, Frain, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, E. Grever, Garrity, Grimes, Hoye, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Levin, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, R. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Mullane, Macke, Meehan, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Rebori, Ruffing, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Reitz, Redlich, Stubbs, Senn, Soden, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Thompson, Talbot, Wabraushek, Waggoner, Zollars.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Ackerman, Boos, Bunker, Berry, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Bloomington, Baker, Crotty, Campau, Cobbs, Carnahan, Chute, J. Doss, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Falvey, Garrity, Garber, Grunsfeld, Grimes, Graham, Haney, Henry, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, McNally, Moncada, McCourt, Millard, Mason, Mainzer, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Noonan, Nester, O'Kane, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Rugee, Ramsey, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Smith, Shoneman, Tracy, Weston, Williamson, Healy.

#### From St. Mary's Academy.

ST. MARY'S, JUNE 18, 1885.

The examinations at St. Mary's have been, as usual, very interesting. This morning the Class of General History was examined by the Rev. S. Fitte. Present, also, were Father General, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier. The responses to the questions were prompt and correct, displaying a thorough knowledge of the subject, and an intelligent appreciation of its importance. The members of this Class are the Graduates of the Literary and Scientific Courses.

At the close of the examination of History, the young ladies read criticisms on the works of the following poets, viz: Gerald Griffin, by Miss Hepsey Ramsay; Adelaide Proctor, by Miss Lizzie Sheekey; William Cowper, by Miss Clara Ginz; Wm. Wordsworth, by Miss Sarah Dunne; Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, by Miss Etta Call; and Edgar Allan Poe, by Miss Belle Gove. The criticisms were strictly impartial, showing forth the defects as well as the beauties of their favorite authors. The writers exhibited an intimate acquaintance with their subjects, bringing vividly before our view, many beautiful passages, which might easily escape the ordinary reader. The style of the compositions was classical throughout, and worthy of a place even in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC. It would be invidious to specify any particular composition, but I may safely say that all fully come up to the highest standard of essays read at St. Mary's at our annual Commencements.

S.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Grateful acknowledgments are extended to Mr. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, for the gift of several valuable books to St. Catharine's Library.

—Father General has distributed an important *souvenir* of St. Mary's among the Catholic pupils, for which they are deeply obliged to him. It is a beautifully printed little sheet with "A few Words of Advice to our Young Scholars at the Holy Table." It is published below.

—The examination in Christian Doctrine was conducted by Very Rev. Father General, the Rev. President of the University, Rev. Fathers Fitte and Saulnier also being present. The answers to test questions were prompt, correct, and clearly to the point, showing a thorough understanding. Rev. Father Spillard presided over the examination in the Second and Third Senior classes. Rev. Father Shortis conducted that of the Preparatory classes. All were satisfactory. The music examinations were closed on the 16th inst. The examination of the French classes was honored by the presence of Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Fitte, Shortis and Saulnier. The Misses Call and Bruhn distinguished themselves. The Third Class also afforded marked satisfaction to the examiners. The same board presided over the examination in Mental Philosophy. Rev. Father Stoffel conducted the examination in German, and expressed himself well pleased.

### A Few Words of Advice to our Young Scholars at the Holy Table.

[For the benefit of former pupils we reproduce the beautiful instruction of Very Rev. Father General.]

One of the most serious and important acts in a Christian's life is, undoubtedly, that of Holy Communion, when he presents himself to the King of kings to receive Him into his own heart, in presence of the whole court of heaven. Faith alone can fully reveal the grandeur of the sublime act.

As a rule, the honor of an audience or reception at the court of a king or emperor is but rarely granted, and is everywhere considered a singular favor, never to be forgotten. When obtained, the court etiquette must be learned and minutely complied with. Even at the Vatican, the same rule for an *audience* is strictly observed and never dispensed with. And yet, what are such receptions when compared to a reception at the Holy Table? At a king's court, a name, a title of some high office or of a noble ancestry, a brilliant apparel, precious jewels, entitle a gentleman or lady to special consideration before the court and the king. Here, the courtiers (the angels) and the King Himself look only to the heart of the favored friend admitted—*Deus autem intuetur cor*: and the humblest child, in common but decent clothes, when modestly approaching the

Holy Table is as welcome—to say no more—to the heavenly Banquet as a king. Look at the radiant countenance of the ministering priest: how happy he feels! Indeed, he seems to hear again the Divine voice, repeating: *Sinite parvulos venire ad Me*—"Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of God." *Amen, amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And, embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them* (St. Mark, xiv, xv, xvi). O, the heavenly invitation! The dear child has heard it: see how joyfully, noiselessly and sweetly he comes and ascends the steps of the Holy Table. He kneels with an angelic modesty; he covers his pure little hands with the white cloth of the Divine Banquet, and when the priest reaches him, he raises his serene head, with his eyes fixed on the hands of the minister, opens his lips, with his tongue resting on the lower one, until the Sacred Body of Jesus is deposited upon it; then he reverently closes his mouth and bows in rapture. Rising again, he attentively descends the steps, turns again to kneel, and, with unspeakable recollection, his hands joined on his heart, he slowly regains his seat, accompanied by adoring angels. In their midst he kneels and adores. Oh, the solemn moment! The Sacred Host, before melting in the mouth, has descended to the breast, and taken possession of the heart! Ah, now, that blessed child lives—no, it is Christ who lives in him! Let no one disturb him. Let him realize his Treasure! Slightly inclined, with his eyes closed, wholly permeated, as it were, with God's own presence, he adores, he thanks, he wonders and humbles himself at the feet of his Divine Guest; he prays, as he never prayed, for himself, his dear parents, his pastor and teachers and his best friends. Jesus listens lovingly to every word and whisper and breathing of his heart. Oh, fortunate mother! what a joy for you to see your child thus honored among the children of men!

From the highest heavens the blessed spirits look in wonder on such a privileged heart, now the living tabernacle of God. See that white angelic little form just returned, likewise, from the Sacred Table. In her they recognize a sister, and share in the delights of her loving soul . . . Is there a spot on earth, where the pure joys of heaven are better reflected than in these stainless young hearts on a Communion morning? Could they themselves ever forget such an undying impression? Ah! they will remember it with delight to their last breath; and through life they will be admired by all each time they appear at the Holy Table. Alas! they may, as they come in contact with a wicked world, fall victims to its dangerous illusions; but the misery that will follow will soon bring them to deplore their loss: the memory of the Holy Table will soon fill their souls with sorrow; they will find no peace until they confess their blind ingratitude and recover, in the Sacrament of Penance, the white robe of innocence with which to approach again the Holy Table, where they were once made so happy. Once more, they will say, with their whole soul: *Quid retri-*

*buam Domino*—"What shall I render to the Lord for all He has done unto me?" Remember then  
E. S.

### Exercise, the Law of Growth.

A superficial observer might suppose that advancement in physical, moral and intellectual vigor may be secured by the employment of a temporary energy: that a given standard once reached, that a diploma received, a gold medal gained, confers upon the recipient the credentials of perpetual perfection, and that further exertions may, with impunity, be suspended. The judgment of the deeper mind is quite the reverse. Though superior skill may have been achieved, they who are wise will not "rest upon their laurels." It is folly to suppose that the power heretofore exerted may be allowed to lie dormant for any notable length of time, and that at a moment's warning the expertness of old will be at command.

The rust of inaction will accumulate upon the liveliest mind, and the brilliancy of intellectual *joust* or tournament, which marked the scholastic career, will not respond to the call of the inert. The stimulus of ambition to equal or excel others, the desire to please parents and teachers, may have served us in our school days; but the regular and industrious employment of the mental powers is an indispensable condition of maintaining them in vigor. In too many instances the motives for study are unworthy. The incentive to improvement has been purely external, and the progress has, as a natural result, turned out as superficial and shallow as the prompting motive. The spiritual principle has been totally forgotten, and when human motives have been met, further effort is deemed uncalled for.

Again, even when a more praiseworthy object has actuated the candidate for scholastic honors, when she has once entered upon her new career, the bewildering ambition to shine in society runs away with her better sense, and the frivolities of fashionable life, absorbing her attention, she is quite oblivious of the good resolutions formed on Commencement Day. Some unlucky hour she is brought to her right senses by the discovery that her lauded acquirements are a dead letter. She has trusted too much to the native quickness of her mind, and she has proved that

"The mill will never grind  
With the water that has past."

If one would take a place in intellectual circles and maintain a respectable position there, she must count her education as just begun when she has finished her scholastic course. Let the musician, the artist, the poet neglect practice, and the execution at the instrument, the easel or with the pen will fall far below the desired perfection; but it is a deplorable fact, too frequently attested, that the taste becomes blunted and even corrupted from want of proper employment. On the other hand, a conscientious exercise of the superior powers will open ever new and delightful fields of study. There will be no time to throw away, for, at home

the young graduates continue the work begun at school, and to every hour has been assigned its appropriate duty; the moments are as important as when the press of approaching examinations urged to the utmost exertion, for they are determined not to lose what they have gained at so great an expense.

The influence swayed by a steadfast Christian scholar is simply wonderful. The influence of folly unresisted, alas! is too great, but it rests with each individual to say which of the two will mark out her future path. We may find ourselves accountable, when too late, for unworthy actions performed by others, over whom we did not dream of possessing the slightest influence. But it is a consoling reflection that the same imperceptible influence is exerted for good.

A vigorous use of the mental powers expands the being; and if the will be good, nothing but good can come of their cultivation; yet, never-ceasing exercise is the law of growth. The generous impulses must be constantly encouraged, or the downward propensities of nature will lead us on till we become blind to our true interests. We lose the keen sense of the importance attached to noble pursuits. It is more in accordance with nature to be led than to lead, especially in the right direction; but if indifference to our own welfare and our influence once asserts itself, we are to be pitied.

It is an article of Christian faith, and a very comforting assurance to the trembling soul in this vale of tears and perils, that God gives to all sufficient grace to be saved; but to this gift He has attached the fearful responsibility of free-will. He, the giver of every good and perfect gift, guards us as far as possible; but the right of choice is scrupulously left to each individual. In return for what He has imparted, the little he asks is that we improve the precious deposit, and that we ascend, step by step, the steep ascent of useful science.

As the mortal nature is too weak to support the strain of unintermitting application to study, no one should presume to underrate the necessity of due attention to health, for without it, mind and heart will droop; but care should be taken to make the physical demands subservient to those of the higher nature.

Let us have recreations; but, while strictly promotive of health, they may be so ordered as to forward, in an important degree, intellectual and social superiority. Culture can here be brought into active play, and prove an accessory to cheerfulness of heart and elasticity of mind.

"For every idle word" we are to be called to account. Serious words must take their place, or idle words will flow. Exercise the powers of speech legitimately, and there will be no danger of trifling gossip, and the soul will not be involved in the dark mazes of guilt. If one day we hope to tread the golden streets of paradise, our feet must be trained on earth, for in no one thing is exercise so strictly a law of growth as in the sentiments and dispositions which are to prepare us for heaven.

MARTHA MUNGER.